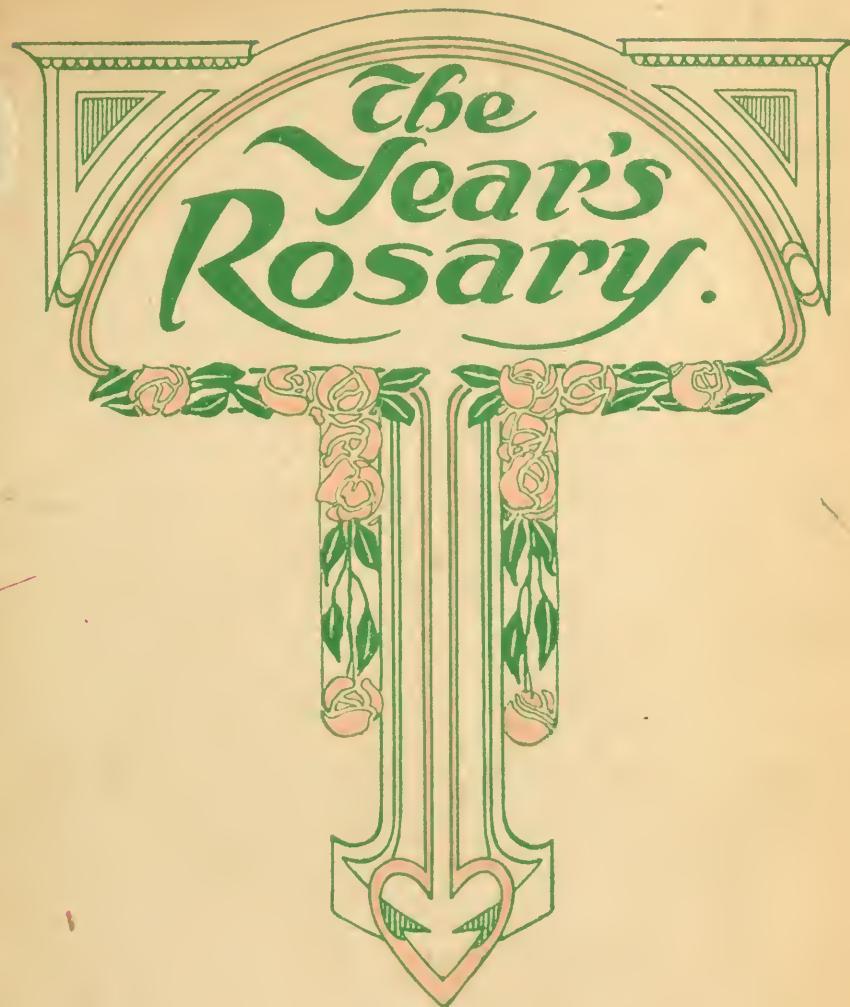


P S  
3539  
H635  
Y4  
1910





Class PS3537

Book PS3537

Copyright N° 110

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT



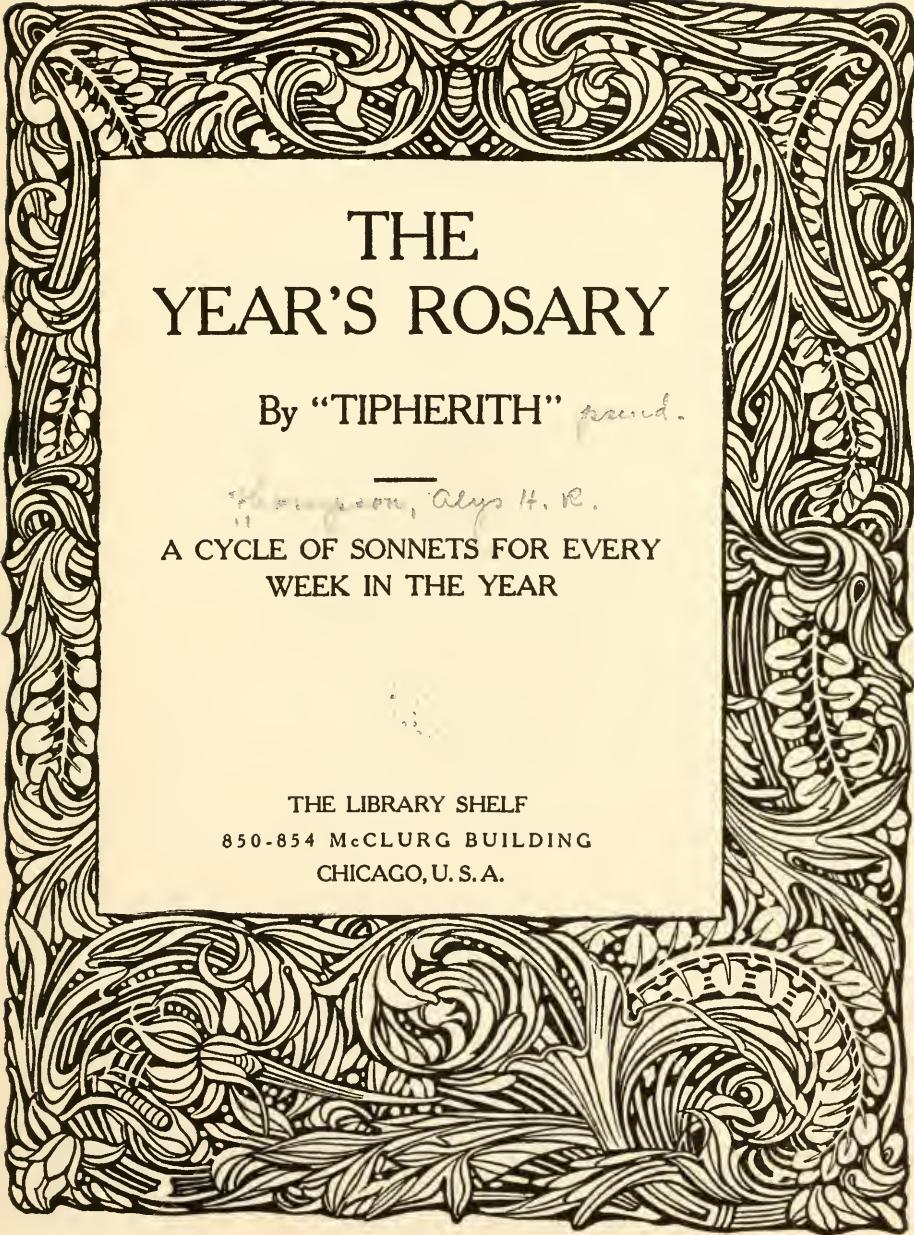






## **THE YEAR'S ROSARY**





# THE YEAR'S ROSARY

By "TIPHERITH" *seud.*

*Published, Alys H. R.*

A CYCLE OF SONNETS FOR EVERY  
WEEK IN THE YEAR

THE LIBRARY SHELF

850-854 McCLURG BUILDING  
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

PS 3539  
H 635 X 4  
1910



© GLA 278871

227007 Aug 34





LET thy life be to thee a  
melody  
Beginning soft with pear-  
ly tones of sound,  
And orbing slowly to the  
golden round  
Of fullest beauty. Strike  
the awful key

That weaves all chords into stern harmony,  
Within whose depths the lowest deeps are  
found,  
And from whose heights the farthest stars resound,  
Silvery sweet—the Key of Deity.  
Take thou thy minor with thy major days,  
For every note hath music, black or white;  
Grasp with a master hand the burning rays  
Of pure Desire, whose fierce vibrations smite  
The soul to flame. So shalt thou dwell always  
A God divine whose Word begetteth light.



OUR forth thy love upon  
the poorest thing  
That lives, and thou shalt  
richer be thereby.  
'Tis not the love for thee  
which thou dost try  
To win from others, that  
doth often bring

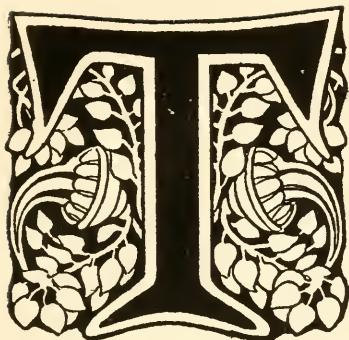
Aught save brief joy and bitter surfeiting.

Deep in thy heart (perchance with ebbing  
sigh)

Tosseth a sea that naught will satisfy,  
Save to pour love from depths past measur-  
ing.

Love not with love that asks for love again—  
Thou need'st no lovers, blessed though they  
be—

But bless the cause, although it bringeth pain,  
That draws thy love like the resistless sea  
To embrace the world. All other love is vain  
To satisfy the God that yearns in thee.



AKE thou the varied actions of the Past,  
The crimson and the white, the black and gold,  
The blue and brown; yea, all the hues untold  
In the dull foil of bygone days amassed,

Wrung from experiences behind thee cast.

How hard the toil before thy hand could hold  
Those different tinctures, now so dull and cold!

Deem them not worthless. Neither stare  
aghast,

Nor sorrow over them with fruitless sighs,

As things immutable, deeds that for aye  
Can ne'er be changed. Take thou those varied dyes  
And with them fling upon the future gray  
Thy Godhood's power. The past within thee lies,  
A living force for thee to use today.



OST thou despise the count-  
less Hours that drift  
Into thy presence with no  
word to say?

Dost thou complain be-  
cause in hodden gray  
They silent stand before  
thee, meekly lift

Their empty palms devoid of any gift,  
Then, leaving thee forlorn, pursue their way?

Messengers of thy destiny are they.

They come to take, and not to give, to sift  
And hoard thy wealth, so sternly battled for.

These niggard Hours thou dost so much con-  
demn

Are stewards of thy pain. They will restore

Thy treasures blazing in the diadem  
The future holds for thee. Yea, evermore

They wait for gifts from thee. Give thou to  
them.



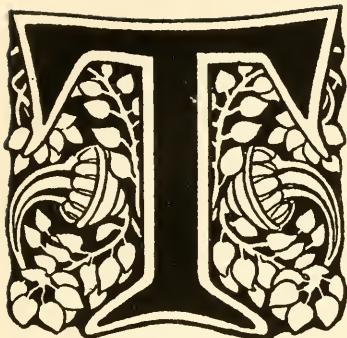
HAT which Today seems  
Fact, but lately may  
Have seemed the idle fig-  
ment of a dream;  
And martyrs have dared  
death for things that  
seem  
Like old wives' fables,  
heard by us today.

Fiction and Fact surround us with a spray  
Of ever-shifting mist, and those who deem  
That they can trust therein, will rue their stay.  
Soul! Be thou true to that which seemeth true  
To thee, but fret not if it disappear  
Before To-morrow's sun like morning dew.  
That which we gain from that which we revere,  
Outlasts old creeds, yea, and creates the new;  
For Worship is the Star by which we steer.



CHILD one day, watching  
an insect strain  
Great wings to leave its  
strait cocoon, drew back  
The encircling mesh, wid-  
ening the narrow crack  
Through which it strove  
its freedom to obtain.

Alas! that kindness proved the greatest bane,  
Since never flew that butterfly, for lack  
Of strength that strife had given. Its wings hung  
slack,  
Robbed of the blood that else had filled each  
vein,  
Enforcéd, so, to flow at bitter cost  
Of needful agony. Dost thou despair  
Because the web of circumstance now most  
Envelops thee, whose wings of Godhood wear  
So slowly through to freedom? Naught is lost.  
The strength that comes of wrestling, none  
can spare.



RUST not in Hope or Fear.  
They are, each one,  
Twin children bred of  
Doubt. Their baleful  
fire,  
A flickering marsh light,  
leads us o'er the mire  
Even to Despair, and then  
their task is done.

For when emotion slowly turns to stone,  
Facing that foe—and Hope and Fear expire,  
'Tis then alone, surviving anguish dire,  
That Faith can place stern Reason on his  
throne.

Hast died to Hope and Fear? Yea, hast thou trod  
The razor edge that bridges the abyss  
Where Madness cowers? Hast lain beneath the sod,  
And felt upon thy heart the worm's cold kiss?  
Then only with the calmness of a God  
Canst thou confront and claim Eternal bliss.



EGRET not what is done.

’Tis done, I trow.

Nor does the Future for  
thy Godhood hold  
More promise than the  
Present doth. Be bold!  
Lo! in thy heart the living  
fire doth glow

Whose virile flame a ruddy light doth throw  
On all thy deeds. Let not that fire grow cold,  
But forge therewith deeds of heroic mould.

In worlds or seen or unseen, while thy brow  
With blinding sweat runs down, work thou To-day.  
With all thy strength of brain and sinew,  
smite!

Plunged in the glory of that inner ray  
That burns within the soul and turns to light  
The blackest hour, take thou that iron, I say,  
And shape therefrom thy Godhood’s power  
and might.



LIKE a white eagle on some  
towering peak  
Fronting the burning sun  
with radiant eyes,  
Bid thy free mind to  
heights of knowledge  
rise.

When thou art hungered,  
flesh the curvéd beak  
Of Meditation on wild thoughts that break  
Old boundaries through. Fly thou 'neath  
boundless skies,  
In the fierce joy of power that satisfies,  
To rend, and to devour, and still to seek.  
Yea, let thy mind, plumed with deific might,  
Flashing from star to star, all worlds explore;  
Reaching new realms each year with tireless flight,  
Breasting deep-winged the Empyrean's core,  
Bathed in the Sun of Suns whose dazzling light  
Leads thee to gaze and fly forevermore.



HAT is't to be a God?  
Soul, thou say'st well,  
To be a God is to have  
power to be  
More kind and not more  
cruel; power to free  
And not to crush; to lock  
the Gate of Hell,

And ope the Gate of Heaven. Power that can dwell  
In peace with others differing from thee;  
Power out of discord to bring harmony,  
Power that in silence worketh, power to quell  
All tempests in the soul whose fragile shell  
Holds its deific strength. If thou would'st  
own

The understanding heart, the omniscient brain,  
The hand that heals, the ever radiant crown  
Of Wisdom and of Love—yea, would'st obtain  
All these and be a God—seek not renown.  
Service in love, alone this power can gain.



USTICE with bandaged eyes  
is well designed,  
Wav'ring for evermore  
'twixt scales and sword.  
How can she rightly see to  
cut the cord  
Of circumstance that doth  
so straitly bind

The helpless soul? How poise the wheels that grind  
That soul to dust? How blame and how  
reward?

Can she, being blind, see better than her Lord?

Omniscience pardons all, since all are blind.  
"Give me adjustment and not justice," pleads  
The stricken world. Alas! 'Tis easier far  
To slay the weak than staunch the wound that  
bleeds.

Soul! Fall not short in loving, for there are  
Scores to condemn, for one that intercedes;  
And we are all the Prisoner at the Bar.



OOPERATION and For-  
bearance! Yea,

In those two words all the  
Millennium lies.

'Tis not Coercion that for-  
ever cries

"I hate or this, or that,  
therefore away

With the accursed thing!" that brings the day

Of Freedom, while the Lawlessness that sighs

For liberty unchecked, finds that the prize

It seeks, crowns only those that can obey.

Cooperate with those that love the things

Thou lovest, and forbear to look awry

On those that differ from thee. Serfs and kings

Have but One Root: and such diversity

Means strength whose growth to separation springs,

As trees full-branched spring toward the sky.



OUNDLESS Deific Energy  
within!

This only is the substance  
thou mayest take  
And work therewith, striv-  
ing each day to make  
Out of the raw material  
known as Sin,

The polished radiant Virtue that doth win  
Immunity from error or mistake.

Scorn not thy hidden jewels. Rather, break  
The soil and bring them forth. This day  
begin

Patiently fashioning some gem divine  
Within the darkness of thy being found.

Thy Nature is an ever teeming mine.

Nigh all thy treasure lieth underground.  
Thou hast the clay. Work on with what is thine!  
Then bring thy Godhood forth, with glory  
crowned.



E have to lead us, as the Ancients had,  
A changeful cloud by day,  
and through the night  
An ever flaming shaft of  
glowing light,  
To guide us to a land with  
verdure clad,

With silver milk, and golden honey glad,—

The Land of Deity where Right is Might,  
Where all as Gods may reign. Would'st see aright,

O Soul, with burdens bowed, with sorrows  
sad?

They who imagine godlike deeds achieve

The deeds of Gods. This power is also thine.  
Let not imagination's glory weave  
Luridest light about Despair's dark shrine;  
Set it on heavenly things and never leave  
Its fire till thou hast gained thy realm Divine.



VEN today Life's Passover is  
thine,  
Within thy veins the Pas-  
chal Blood flows red,  
The God within thee lifts  
His kingly head,  
And the Avenging Angel  
flees the sign.

Drink thou of Joy's exhilarating wine,  
And eat of Satisfaction's sweetest bread.  
Thine enemies are slain, thy foes have fled;  
Lift up thy voice with shoutings 'neath the  
vine!  
Pure and unblemished is thy Sacrifice,  
The knowledge of thy Godhood is thy meat;  
The Living Word, thy portion. Oh, arise  
Thou King of Kings! and stand upon thy  
feet;  
For thou no more shalt kneel to Deities.  
With self-reliance gird thy loins and eat.



HERE is an Holy Mountain  
on whose crest  
Radiant with quenchless  
light a City stands.  
The Holy City builded  
without hands,  
Eternal in the Heavens,  
wherein the Blest

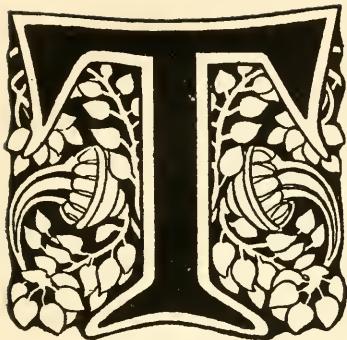
To whom Deific energy is rest,  
Pour ceaseless blessings forth upon all lands.

So lofty is this Mount that it commands  
All worlds, yet hides it in the humblest  
breast,—

The Mount of Restitution for our race.

’Tis climbed by those who bear The Holy  
Name,

And trusting in their Godhood, take the Place  
From the beginning theirs. Arise and claim  
Thy Kingdom! Seek this Mountain and embrace  
Thy Deity upon its crest of flame.



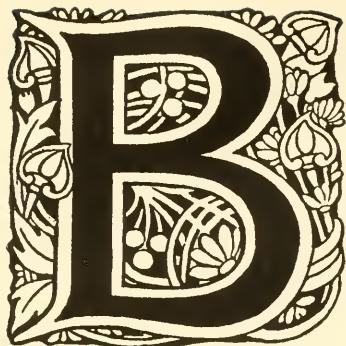
HERE is a Law Divine that  
boldly saith  
"I am a God, because I  
also know  
My Brethren to be Gods."  
With touch of snow  
'Tis written by the velvet  
hand of Faith

Upon the heart that silent faced the wraith  
Of Death and Hell, and turned to stone with  
woe,

A sheltering Rock, whose kind recesses show  
All soft with moss and flowers, hiding the  
scathe

Of fires forespent. And none can break this Law  
That judgeth not, Yea, that condemneth  
none,

But findeth every soul without a flaw  
And biddeth each stand for himself alone;  
And, standing so, keep the whole world in awe  
Since one doth stand for all, and all for one.



EHOLD the splendour of  
the burning Star  
That rises o'er the world.  
It shines on thee,  
And glorious dawns this  
New Epiphany.  
Nor needs there any wan-  
dering near or far  
To reach thine heaven, for those star rays are  
Within thy soul. Even there resplendently  
They halo thine incarnate Deity  
That ignorance can neither stain nor mar.  
Through all the centuries so swift in flight,  
And yet so slow, that Star with eight-fold ray  
Hath shone unfalteringly through gulfs of night,  
Bearing the message brought to thee today.  
“Thou art a God Divine!” Behold the Light!  
Oh, Soul! whoe'er thou art. Hear and obey!



SOUL, be thou chaste! For  
know that chastity  
Is Singlemindedness, nor  
more nor less.  
Toward thy loved Ideal  
onward press  
With brain and mind and  
soul and spirit free.

Pour thou thyself with the intensity  
Of passionate-hearted singlemindedness,  
That cold, cold seething only can express,  
    Into the mould of that which thou wouldest be.  
Keep thou thy virgin aim immaculate.  
    Control nor waste thy soul's creative power.  
In love and wisdom work, and patient wait  
    Until thy Godhood thrusteth into flower.  
Then crown thee with the strength that conquers  
    Fate,  
Divine virility's immortal dower.



HIS is thy Resurrection  
Morn. Arise,  
O Soul, in all thy God-  
hood's majesty!  
Shake off Despair's o'er-  
whelming lethargy,  
The Day Star shineth on  
thy sealed eyes.

Wisdom divine that to her children cries,  
Crieth "Immanuel, My Son!" to thee,  
"Put on thy Individual Deity."  
And dost thou wait a trumpet from the skies  
Ere thou wilt rise? That clarion call is thine  
That blossoms hear in Spring, even Desire  
That turns the rising sap to riotous wine,  
And gloweth in the veins like rosy fire.  
Desire to be a God, to be Divine.  
This is thy trumpet call—"Aspire! Aspire!"



N Love's rich treasury keep  
thou a store  
Of little coins to scatter  
day by day;  
Kind words, and pleasant  
smiles, and looks that  
say  
"Thou hast done well!"  
Do not neglect to pour  
This largesse forth, and thou shalt evermore  
Grow richer as thou journey'st on thy way.  
Keep thou of love a margin to defray  
The unforeseen that mounteth up the score.  
For what avails it, though Love's treasury  
With massy ingots filled, and gems in heaps,  
Could ransom all the world, if close to thee  
Some heart go hungry, while thy silence keeps  
Guard o'er thy wealth intact? Out with thy Key!  
And feed the soul that close beside thee weeps.



RT thou a God in body mas-  
culine,

Thy red blood running  
fiercely in the clay?

Remember that thou art a  
God Today!

Even as a sun, send out  
thy strength divine;

Let thy vitality all glorious shine

    In gentleness and chastity whose ray

On some Ideal centered, ne'er can stray,

    Helping thee aye to conquer. Give no sign  
Till thou hast won. Fight like the God thou art,

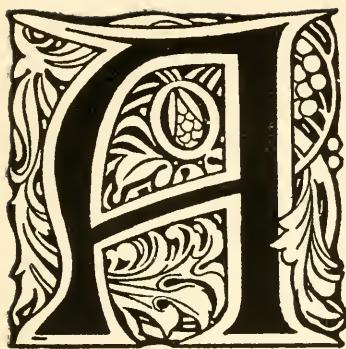
    With circumstance, not with thy deathless  
kin.

Of thy Deific nature let the part

    Divinely feminine enthroned within

Thy soul, possess thee. So shall brain and heart,

    Equally great, thy crown immortal win.



RT thou a God, yet born to  
low estate  
In woman's form? What  
matters that to thee?  
Impregnate with divine  
virility  
The weaker souls that to  
thy power vibrate.

In worlds unseen do thou, a God, create  
The race Deific that is yet to be.  
Let wisdom seal thy lips, and silently  
Work on! Thou Ruler of The Golden Gate!  
Thou art a spiritual athlete whose grip  
Uplifts the earth even as it were a toy;  
Thy courage and thy deathless passion clip  
Destiny close, till she give birth to Joy.  
Thy sweet compassion doth the light outstrip.  
Thy woman's form can ne'er thy power  
destroy.



UARD well thy thoughts.

“Thoughts are but feeble things”?

Then are we feeble, too!

Thou dost contain  
Within the priceless treasure house, thy brain,  
All the electric energy that flings

Divine creations forth whose tireless wings,

Sweeping from star to star, can thee sustain  
On mighty pinions cradled so, to gain

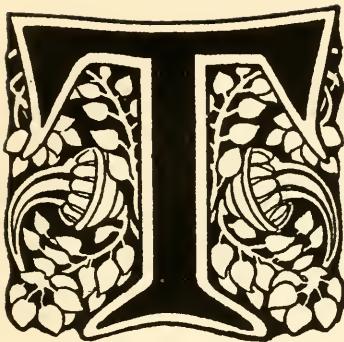
The Eternal strength and joy that Godhead  
brings.

Let every moment of this fleeting day,

Find thee, if weak in body, strong in thought.  
Think like a God with power; and all thy clay,

Like river banks by the swift water wrought,  
Shall prove, beneath thy mind’s resistless sway,

Thou art the God thy love so long hath  
sought.



AKE time within thy hand  
and let it be  
E'en as a measuring rod  
of shining gold  
And span therewith the  
years as they unfold.  
For thou art Master of thy  
Destiny,

And all the years to come are hid in thee.

Yea, as the spider's womb the mesh doth  
hold,  
So doth thy touch the magic web unfold,  
Spinning life's cloth out of Eternity.  
Shake thyself free of the old thought and know  
Time is a force thy Godhood must command.  
In Love and Wisdom ever older grow  
And everlasting youth shall take thy hand,  
And passing seasons as they come and go  
Shall clothe thy soul with fadeless beauty  
grand.



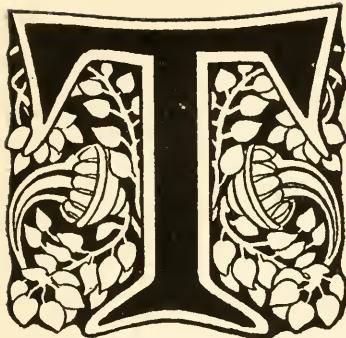
IS not enough to sit at home,  
till Fate  
Doth to our door bring Op-  
portunity;  
For though we vigil keep  
unceasingly,  
The chance desired may  
never reach our gate;

Or, reaching it, may yet arrive too late  
To bring us any gain or good thereby.

Nay, we must wait and sow industriously  
Such seeds of virile thought as shall create  
Those opportunities for which we wait,  
If we would taste the fruits of victory.

Since we are Gods with needs omnivorous,  
We must as Gods create the thing we need.  
For Glory through achievement, dost thou pant?  
Create the opportunity decreed

To bring thee to success, nor yet be scant  
Of Toil, but use it wisely. So, succeed.



HE affirmations of thy God-  
hood prize  
As blocks of basalt hewn  
to store within  
Their walls of adamant  
the thoughts that spin,  
And boiling, rend the  
brain; yea, that capsize

The shuddering reason that all vainly tries  
To stem the whelming flood whose clamorous  
din

Naught once could silence, save Death's fixéd grin,  
Soul! to thy task! There thy salvation lies.

Thine affirmations, each a living stone,  
Repeat untiringly, day after day,  
Till Thought's dynamic force (thy task being done),  
Is curbed, and wastes no more its bed of clay  
With riotous floods. Then turn Life's arid zone,  
With thy stored waters, to an Eden gay.



SOUL! Hast thou slain the  
personal will that cried  
For personal ends and  
aims?

Hast thou, too, drained  
The bitter cup of Self-  
denial, stained  
With blood and tears?

Hast lost the tender  
Guide

Whose living form was ever by thy side?

Have old ideals faded? Hast thou gained  
Nothing for all thy griefs? Hath comfort waned?  
Art thou left helpless since old faiths have  
died?

Comfort thy heart. Even this day for thee

Thy sceptre waits, the glorious will Divine;  
And for the rags of thy humility,  
The monarch's crown, the pontiff's robes are  
thine;

And for thy Guide long lost, Lo! thou art He!

Thou art thyself the God thou didst resign.



HERE is a Feast prepared  
for thee, and all  
Who care to take thereof:  
and it is free,  
Neither for price nor  
money offered thee,  
Only thy glad acceptance  
of the call.

And there is none too crippled, weak, or small,  
For welcome. Dost thou ask how this can be?  
"Food for the world"? Look in thine heart and see!  
There is thy portion and thy banquet hall.  
Within thy heart the ruddy wine flows bright:  
Power of Eternal Life forever spilt.  
Within thine heart the Hidden Manna white:  
Power to fulfil desire, power without guilt.  
Wisdom hath spread the table in thy sight,  
And Love invites thee. Answer as thou wilt!



OTHER! that for thy children doth so dread  
The fate that bears thy loved ones far from thee,  
To toil midst dangers that thou canst not see,  
Till thy heart quails 'neath woes imaginéd,—

Why dost thou sigh and moan with bended head  
Imploring some far distant Deity  
To save thy children? Thou thyself shouldst be  
The source Divine from whence their souls are fed.

Thou hast no time for tears! By night and day,  
Send forth thine affirmations to uphold,  
Guard, guide and prosper those thou lovest; yea,  
Thine affirmations, like a shield of gold,  
Shall keep them safe; thy Godhood is their stay.  
Thou art the God thou didst implore of old!



HOW great are the achievements of thy race,  
How marvelous the works of brain and hands!  
The deeds of Gods whose power divine commands  
Earth, Ocean, Flame, and Air, and Time, and Space!

Yet is there anguish written in each face,  
Anguish unspeakable, for iron bands  
Fetter the lips, and as the soul expands  
It strives in vain for utterance to keep pace  
With its unfoldment. Dost thou deem the dumb  
Work better for their very speechlessness?  
That mighty heroes need not the poor crumb  
Of comfort found in words? Yet doth the  
press  
Of stifled thought oft leave the spirit numb.  
Affirm, "I am a God!" Wilt thou do less?



ROM sunset until sunrise."

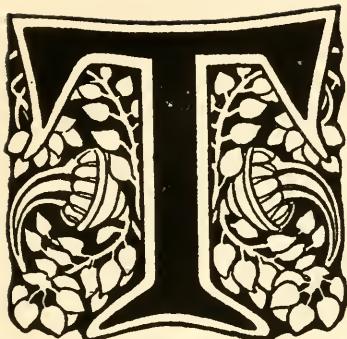
Oh! put by  
Those childish words, so  
foreign to the Truth.  
Rejoice! rejoice! with all  
the fire of youth,  
That there are miracles  
none can deny;

That soaring on a star all gloriously  
Through sapphire realms ethereal, thou dost  
fly,

Devouring space unfathomed. For in sooth,  
The sacred boughs of the Hebraic Booth,  
Though sacred still, no longer hide the sky.

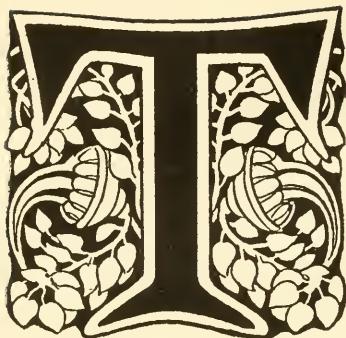
“From sunrise unto sunset.” Lo! the phrase  
Keeps us bowed down in mist: but say, “I swing  
Earth-borne, about the sun, swept in a blaze  
Of golden beams, a God!”—straight thou dost fling  
Thyself to Freedom, and the untrammeled  
ways

Of vast enfranchisement that light doth bring.



HY Godhood's Holy Standard, long foretold,  
Now, Israel, lift on high!  
Tinctured blood-red,  
'Tis quartered, and each  
quarter blazonéd  
With mystic charges all  
achieved in gold.

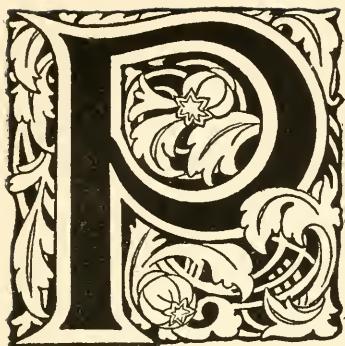
Four lions winged and crowned, thereon behold,  
That over worlds on worlds victorious tread;  
The cup and sheaf; the fountain tokenéd  
By the heraldic circle wave bescrolled;  
The eight stringed harp; the keys; Life's sacred  
wheel,  
Rose, quatrefoil, and phoenix all aflame;  
The distaff, and the book whose pages heal;  
The golden fruit, the palm boughs that pro-  
claim  
Perpetual victory; and for final seal,  
Within th' encircled square, Thy Holy Name.



HE Golden Helmet gleams  
upon thy Brows,  
Of individual Deity the  
sign;  
And harnessed in the pan-  
oply Divine  
Of theocratic character  
that knows

Nor flaw, nor stain, whose polished steel bestows  
A matchless splendor, I behold thee shine,  
The heroic offspring of a deathless Line,  
That ever mightier through thy Godhood  
grows.

Now mounted on Thy Passion purified,  
That milk white steed with eyes of burning  
flame,  
Throned as upon a Rock I watch Thee ride  
Down countless centuries, in thy Holy Name  
Conquering forever, bearing at thy side  
The sword that strikes to free, and not to  
maim.



UT on thy holy cassock,  
Strength Divine,  
And o'er it fling the Robe  
of Righteousness,  
And set the silken stole  
above thy dress,  
The Holy Yoke of that  
blest Law benign

That none can break, that breaketh none, so fine  
Its equity to comfort and redress;  
And let the Holy Shoulder Straps caress  
Thy shoulders, of self-government the sign,  
Keeping the Yoke in place. Set on thy head  
The Holy Cap, of Godhead's Will the tower.  
Then, shod with sandals—Peace Immeasuréd—  
Clasping unending conquests for thy dower—  
Those smooth white pebbles from Life's river bed—  
Go forth, thou Priest, vested with God-  
head's power!



ISCIPLINE and Obedience!

Spurn not these;

These are the steps that  
lead unto the throne  
Of Godhood's power. For  
none may stand alone,  
A God in strength, who  
hath not to his knees

Been flung a thousand times, and by degrees

Growing in power as often as o'erthrown,

Hath wrestled with Despair till he hath grown

Through many failures, Master of Life's keys.

Govern thyself in heart and mind aright.

Thou wilt not taste of power Divine until  
Feeling and thought and word and deed unite

In harmony to work thy Spirit's will.

Discipline and obedience spell Delight

Unto the God whose crown is service still.



RET not thy soul because  
monotony  
Fills all thy days in little  
duties spent,  
In little thoughts on little  
cares intent,  
Needful for others' com-  
fort, but to thee

How wearisome, that yearnest to be free!

Fret not thy soul! Heroic deeds are sent  
Oftenest to those whose hearts and minds are bent  
On trivial tasks the world may never see.  
“Life is monotonous!” So one may say  
“The sunlight casts a shadow.” Bid thy soul  
Use the monotony that lines thy day,  
As fiery chariots rushing to their goal  
Use ribs of steel to bear them on their way,  
Deeming 'tis velvet over which they roll.  
Intent upon thy goal, do thou as they.



ITHIN thy heart pulses the  
selfsame flame  
That forges for the wasp  
bright belts of gold,  
And fuses flashing opals in  
the fold  
Of filmy wings whose text-  
ure puts to shame

The silken tissue of the cobweb's frame.

The fire swift-leaping in thee to behold  
Beauty so wonderful, so purely bold  
In earth, and sky, and sea, that joys to claim  
Kindred with loveliness where'er it springs,

Is but the blush of Beauty found in thee  
To which all other beauty tribute brings—

Beauty Divine that dawns resplendently,  
And quickening to the glory that it sings,  
Flowers forth in thine Incarnate Deity.



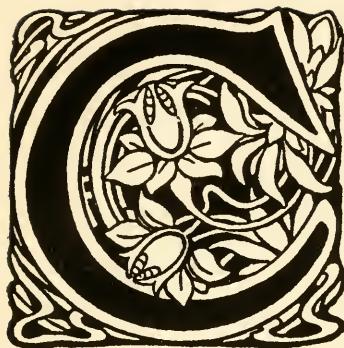
ET Mirth's warmth-giving  
light illume thy mind,  
Dispersing every gloom  
with rippling gold.  
Be thine the sun's sweet  
tolerance to behold  
Ripening perfection  
'neath the roughest rind.

The Saviours of the world are those who bind  
Its gaping wounds with love, and softly fold  
Their wisdom round it, fleecy with the gold  
Of laughter pure as sunlight and as kind.  
Be thine such laughter, healthful as the sea,  
Dealing virility with every breath;  
Laughter Divine that none can learn, save he  
That hears it rolling 'neath the ribs of Death:  
Laughter benign, whose tender sympathy  
Flings o'er Life's nakedness its velvet sheath.



HIS is thy Judgment Day,  
O Soul; and none  
Can judge thee save thy-  
self. If thou dost see  
In those around, Incarnate  
Deity,—  
Then as a God thyself, as-  
cend thy throne.

Dost thou with Love Divine for all atone,  
By the compassion that doth lift to thee  
The ignorant and helpless? Would'st thou free  
The wandering souls around thee, till not one  
Be left to wail in darkness? Then art thou  
That judge whose Love and Wisdom giveth  
praise,  
Instead of blame, to all, swift to allow  
Equity's law to govern divers ways.  
Arise, thou Holy One with radiant brow,  
Judge of Thyself alone, Thyself upraise!



ALM as a God of the Egyptian race,  
That, hewn from basalt,  
fronts the ages' flight  
With the stern majesty of  
regnant might,  
Take thou thy Godhood's  
throne and keep thy  
place!

Be thine that equipoise which still keeps pace  
With swiftest progress, viewing Day and  
Night

Like cups o'erbrimming with the wine of light.  
Drink thence, nor move from thine eternal  
base.

True Balance and Proportion, Perfect Poise  
That pulses with the stars and yet doth keep  
Step with the tiniest insect and its joys,—

This is the secret rhythm whose vast sweep  
Takes centuries at a breath and deems the noise  
Of worlds that rise and fall—an infant's  
sleep.



OLD thou thy peace when  
others coldly frown  
Upon the gamester's pas-  
sion. The desire  
To win against all odds,  
though in the mire  
It may be rooted, wears the  
Lotus crown.

He who to gain eternal wealth flings down  
His earthly wealth, feels the true gamester's  
fire.

The thrill that hazard only can inspire  
Is ours whose future still remains unknown.

The affirmations of thy Godhood bear  
An eight on every side, and they are made  
For those whose souls have paid the price—Despair.  
Thou who with other dice so oft hast played  
And lost, now play and win joys past compare  
In any world thou wilt. Be not afraid!



LET every Creed be sacred  
in thy sight.

Time's whirring stone,  
whence flawless facts  
are ground  
From quainter fancies in  
life's darkness found,  
Grinds the great Diamond  
Truth and brings to  
light

Creed after creed; even as from blackest night  
The radiant Day springs forth, with glory  
crowned,  
Each facet in that priceless Diamond's round  
Forth flashes from the hands that made it  
bright.

Sacred to thee, oh, Soul, be every creed,  
Be every facet wrought with so much woe  
Out of the past; but for the pangs that freed  
One after one the faiths of long ago.  
From gulf of Doubt, thou had'st not found indeed  
Thy Godhood's Faith today, of flame and  
snow.



F every virtue that is dear  
to thee,  
Hold thou calm Patience  
dearest of them all;  
Patience, aye watchful  
that no harm befall  
The little lives that clus-  
ter 'round her knee;  
  
Patience, that ever worketh tenderly,  
Turning to beauty all things great or small;  
Patience, whose fingers weave the coronal  
Of attributes that crown thy Deity;  
Patience, who leads us, though the way be long,  
To rest and peace; and lends the aching heart  
Her tireless strength. Ah! Though she lack the song  
That joy may sing, yet doth her touch impart  
Power to fulfill all tasks—to right all wrong.  
Who learns of Patience, masters every art.



XACT not overmuch of those  
that call  
Themselves thy kindred.  
Oftentimes they fail,  
Because their gifts to thee  
in nought avail  
To satisfy thy longing.  
Thou art thrall

To that within, which naught without at all  
Can compass. Turn within and lift the veil!  
Thy little household loves grow dim and pale,  
Quenched by thy Godhood's flame whose sun-  
beams fall  
Upon the hearth of clay. Nor kith, nor kin  
Can comfort thee, if thou through ignorance  
miss  
The espousal of thy Godhead. Thou must win,  
And feed thy soul with the eternal kiss  
Of thine Ideal in thee. Soul, look within!  
There dwells the source alone of lasting bliss.



HIDE not thy soul because  
thou canst not burn  
With love for all alike.  
Twin laws there be  
That hold all things in  
peace and equity—  
Attraction and repulsion;  
these in turn

Acting on every life, bid it discern  
What most it needs to flower in harmony.

These give the rose the strength a rose to be,  
Teaching it what to choose and what to spurn.  
Attraction and repulsion both are blessed.

Love what thou canst, for so thy soul will  
grow.

And whatsoe'er repels thee, know 'tis best.

Ignore it. Hate it not, but let it go.

Love what thou canst and leave to Time the rest.

Remember! oceans ebb, as well as flow.



AVE faith, oh stricken soul,  
to see aright  
If loved ones seem to thee  
to go astray.  
Pour out thine affirmations  
day by day  
To lead them through the  
darkness of their night,

For they, like thee, are journeying to the Light.

The God that dwells in them knows best the  
way

And erreth not. He guides and they obey.

Lost though they seem to thy tear-blinded  
sight,

Be of good cheer. Weep not, but say instead:

“The God within them guides them, knowing  
best.”

Whilst thou dost seek them sorrowing and with  
dread,

Deeming them lost to thee, by doubt dis-  
tressed,

They in the Temple still are housed and fed.

Return and find them there, and be at rest.



EEP not for Old Jerusalem  
the Blest,

Nor turn thereto as to a  
land apart—

The land thou dwellest in,  
take to thy heart.

All lands are sanctified  
that have been pressed

By feet divine, and Godhood is expressed

In every nation's noblest. Where thou art,  
And whatsoe'er thy work in field or mart,

Be thou the Holy One that doth invest  
The land with holiness. Yea, thou shalt dwell

Lord of all lands whose soil is dear to thee.  
And blessings past the power of tongue to tell  
Shall crown thine household and thine hus-  
bandry,

Thou God of Love and Wisdom, Is-ra-el,  
Whose Holy Land all worlds, all lands, must  
be.



OUD issuing from the Horn  
of burnished gold,  
Pressed to Day's ruddy  
lip, a note doth swell,  
Sonorous, full and deep,  
that those who dwell  
Upon the rugged moun-  
tain heights, in cold

And weariness, grim watchmen stern and bold,  
Faithful through weary centuries, know full  
well.

It thunders, "To your tents, O Israel!"  
Even as it thundered in the days of old.  
Lo! now the Lord Jehovah comes to reign  
Within His Tent, our human form Divine:  
There arms Himself with Hand and Heart and  
Brain,  
And pours his Spirit through our veins like  
wine.  
The Sun leaps up, and Israel once again  
Lifts to His Flame the serried battle line.



LEAD not with some far distant God to bless  
Some Holy Babe and Mother far away.  
Be thou thyself the God whose power shall stay,  
With all a God's divinest tenderness

(At once so strong to comfort and caress),  
The Holy Babes and Mothers of Today.  
Bless thou the Holy Mothers most, for they  
Are Godhood's Source and Sustenance, not less.  
Round every baby brow an aureole gleams,  
Proceeding from th' Incarnate Deity.  
The Holy mother in each mother dreams  
Above the infant cradled on her knee.  
Sing not of ancient Gods and ancient themes—  
All babes enshrine our Godhood's majesty.



EVERE today. It is the wisest day

This world hath ever known, this world so young,

The very wisest day since first it swung

Into its orbit and began to play

With other stars that passed their time away

Playing at hide and seek the clouds among—  
Flying through space like gems at hazard flung—

Whirling about the sun like fireflies gay.

'Tis a brave world and grown much older now;

It learneth to obey and groweth meek;  
It hath known sorrow; pain hath crowned its brow

With bloody sweat, and tears have stained its cheek;

It hath learned much, yet all the past doth know

Is but the tongue with which today doth speak.

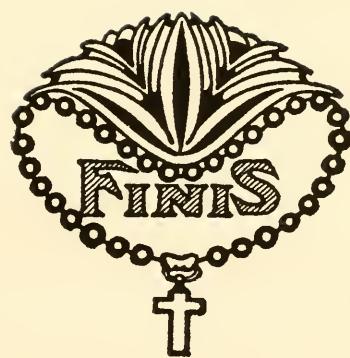


ROWNED with my benediction,  
go thy way,  
Thou that hast told my  
Rosary with me—  
My blessing, evermore  
that tenderly  
Shall crown thee, as the  
sunlight crowns the day.

This is the golden pendant that doth sway  
The rough, unpolished beads, carved awk-  
wardly,

Yet odorous all with love, with love for thee,  
And those thou lovest. Therefore let them  
stay

A little while close gathered to thy heart  
Until the fragrance of that love that clings  
About the dusky chaplet, with shy art  
Such subtle sweetness o'er thy memory flings  
That of thy thought, my thought may yet be part—  
Safe in the perfumed warmth remembrance  
brings.











JAN 3 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

MM 4 1970

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 395 409 A

